



*Twelfth Night:
A Perfect Fit*

By Lacy Danes

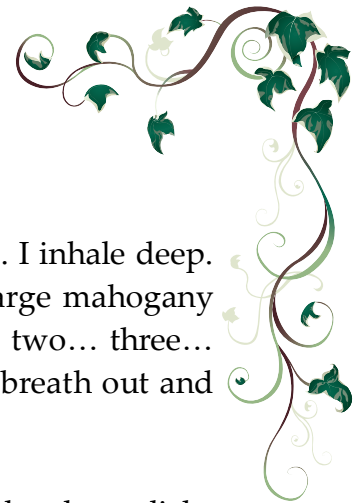


Twelfth Night: A Perfect Fit

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I pinch the key card between my fingers and thumb. I inhale deep. *You can do it.* I slide the thin plastic into the lock on the large mahogany hotel room door. Staring at the little light, I count “One... two... three... four.” The tone flashes green and the door clicks. I let my breath out and close my eyes as I reach out my other hand to the handle.

“My Christmas present,” you said.

Clutching the brass doorknob, I push down and the door clicks open.

“A fantasy come true.” The words ring in my mind in your deep penetrating voice.

I am wearing my best pink panties, thigh high stockings, and bra beneath my warm winter coat. I step into a room made of luxury. The white marble floors glimmer, reflecting the only light in the room, a fire that burns in the fireplace. I step further in, and the door closes with a click...

The sound echoes in my mind. I am here. There is no turning back.

I have no idea what fantasy you have chosen to make true for me. All I know is that this is why I so adore you. You are truly the love of my life. The hairs on my arms tingle as I remember other fantasies—both yours and mine—that we have made come to life.

“Take off your coat.” Your deep voice washes me in heat.

I set down my bag and unbutton the front of my jacket, letting it fall to the floor before I turn to you.

“Very nice.” The curve of your lips quirks up.

I stand in the entry to the room and glance around. There is a large bed in the center of the room before the fire and on the far end a white pedestal tub. You sit on a small stool in between the two. The fireplace flickers, and your skin glows in a red tinge. Handsome devil.

“Walk to the bed and take out the items I requested you bring.”

I pick up my black duffle bag, pushing my bottom out toward you, then turn and walk. With each step, my heels click on the marble floor. I stop at the edge of the bed. From here I can see your blue eyes, and you

lean forward and place your elbows on your knees, your hands on your chin. Observing me.

I hold in a smile, and my muscles relax. I am so happy to see you. I set my bag on the bed and pull the zipper open. Reaching inside, I pull out the black leather hog tie. I place it on the bed and smile. Then I pull out a blindfold, leather cuffs for my wrists and ankles, and my favorite vibrator.

"Good girl. Sit on the edge of the bed."

I turn around and sit. The soft micro-suede cover coolly caresses the bare skin between the top of my stockings and my underwear. My core is already steaming in anticipation of your surprise.

You step up in front of me and lean in. The scent of you, a mix of *Duc de Vervins* and arousal makes me tremble. Your lips brush mine soft, tender. I return the brush and sigh.

Your fingers trail along the strap of my bra. "Take off your underwear and bra." The scent of coffee hangs on your breath. The scent I associate with you, as you drink more coffee than anyone I know. You step back, letting the always warm air between us cool.

I slowly lower my straps down, then reach around and unhook the clasp. I take the bra and lay it on the bed with the other items. Grabbing the left hip of my undies, I lower the thin fabric strap, lifting my bottom at the same time and arching my hips towards you.

"Lovely. There will be plenty of pleasure tonight. No need to worry." You lean over and pick up the blindfold. You hold the black strap of leather above my eyes. "Ready for the magic to begin?"

"Yes." My tongue slides out and touches my lips. I trust you implicitly. In the four years we have known each other, you have never once done anything to betray my trust or endanger me.

The blindfold lowers over my eyes. Thick leather and soft silk rest against my cheeks. The soft fabric bunches in all the places that light could possibly get through. I am in the dark and can now only hear, taste, smell, and feel.

"Don't move." You step away from me, and the air rushes by me.

I hold still. The only thing moving is my chest as I breathe in and out. I hear a door click open. Then close. Foot falls sound on the floor. Yet

I sit so very still. What did you go get? Did you open the closet door? Or the door to the hall? Cloth rustles off to my right and then nothing. Silence...

I know this is part of the play. Heightening my senses. Tricking my mind. I love it. My heart beats wildly in anticipation. We have played the blindfold game before, but something about this night is different as we have always done this sort of thing at home.

A light touch grazes the inside of my right knee and presses, sliding my legs apart. A whirrrr echoes in the room.

My heart jumps once more. The vibrator. I relax. Pleasure is on the way.

The curved pointy edge gently plays with the lips of my cunt. A moan bursts from my lips, and I thrust my hips towards you, wanting a harder pressure against my clit. You oblige.

The vibration cycles through me, and my hips spread farther. Wetness leaks down my opening and onto the coverlet below me.

Your hand presses to my shoulder and urges me back down on the bed.

I comply, shifting my hips and spreading my legs farther apart so the vibrator has direct access to my sensitive flesh. I relax into the plush mattress. The vibrator continues to whizz on my cunt, and your hand moves lower slipping from my shoulder down my collarbone then gently circles the round swell of my breast.

Tingles shoot from my breast to my cunt, and I arch my hips towards you. Oh, that is amazing. Your fingers continue to weigh my breast and fingers pinch my other nipple. Oh! Those were nails! Pain spikes down my body. I arch and moan deep.

The nails circle my nipple twisting the hard point between the tips.

"Oh!" You are not alone. Three hands caress me, and I have no idea if they are even yours.

No one speaks. Concentrating hard, I can make out three distinct breaths in the room.

Another hand slides down my body to the small patch of hair I have just above my clit. There is a pinch and then a pull of my hairs. My pussy quivers, and I bite my lip. Oh, yes. I love that sensation.

"Open your mouth, sweet." Your voice comes to the left of my head. I open my lips, and my jaw follows. I leave my lips open in the shape of an O.

The bed depresses, and your scent overcomes me as you lay down. Your stomach by my face. Legs down my left side. Your hands grip my hair. The other hands continue their tasks. "Ready to take it, Brianna?"

I nod my head. Not moving my lips and obeying you explicitly.

The hot tip of your cock touches to my open mouth. I want this. I want to please you and know that in doing so...I please me. My tongue slides out, and saliva pools heavy under my tongue.

You press slowly in. A mix of salty sweat and the tang of arousal fills my mouth.

I love the taste of you. I lick and flick my tongue on each inch you give to me. My hands, still free from any of the restraints I brought with me, tremble as I hold them still. I know you will tell me when I can touch. If I will be permitted to touch at all this night. I am slightly surprised you have not bound me yet as it is one of your favorite things to do to me.

Your hips thrust forward in a slow steady pulse. In my mind, I see your butt clenching, and I so want to touch you.

The vibrator between my legs clicks off and the touch that was in my tuft of hair slips lower into my slickness. The finger is smaller than yours with longer fingernail. A woman. There is no doubt in my mind.

The other person steps between my legs. The brush of coarse male hairs tickles the insides of my thighs. A couple perhaps?

I hear foil tear and the crinkling sound of a rubber rolling on. I continue to focus on you and you continue to slowly fuck my mouth. Your cock gently pops over my lips. Not going deep. Simply teasing yourself. The man's cock between my legs slides easily into my cunt, stretching my over-sensitized flesh.

I jerk slightly, and your hand tightens in my hair.

He is just as wide as you are, and I tremble. I have always fantasized about doing something exactly like this. You know full well my fantasy. My tongue flutters faster as you continue to slip in and out of my mouth. This is what makes us special. This play we do. Never in my life have I given myself over so implicitly to a man. Yet I know you will

always take care of me.

The other man grasps my hips, lifting me slightly, and he pulls his cock out of me. I squirm, feeling open naked and exposed. This is so exhilarating. You know I have an exhibitionist streak and not seeing the expressions on these people faces as they gaze at me is agony.

The woman's hand gently touches the round swell of my bottom, and then she drags her nails around the curve and into the crack of my ass. A slick finger presses to my butt hole, and with little resistance, slips in. Oh, yes. I groan and push my bottom towards the hand. The finger slips farther in and then pumps in and out of me at an alternating pace.

I adore anal, and my body explodes in sensation once more. An orgasm surprises me, pulsing my cunt and jerking my body. You pull out of my mouth. Your hand still in my hair you twist it pulling my strands taut in your grip. "Tisk, tisk."

I was not supposed to come, and your warning washes through me. I frown, but know you won't stop. You have planned this to the letter and me coming without you saying to will not stop this. Thank God.

A cold object presses to my bottom and slowly my anus stretches. My skin blooms wide around the bulbous shape and then descends slightly, resting on a wide shaft. The object is then pressed up inside of me. My muscles spark hot and tickle cold.

I shake as bit by bit the dildo slips up into my anus. A wide round end snugly fits to the flesh of my bottom, pushing my cheeks wide.

A cool leather strap wraps about my thigh and tightens and another about the other thigh. The plug or dildo is securely fastened in side of me.

The man between my legs reenters my cunt, and my legs jerk. He hisses out a breath. Oh I am full. So full. The pressure is delightful. I pull my head slightly against your grip in my hair. Wanting more from you. Wanting reassurance. One of your hands slips down and rests on my shoulder. Your fingers slip under me and roll me. The man simultaneously lies down next to me, not slipping from my cunt.

Grabbing my thigh he pulls my leg up over his hip and continues with deep strokes that massage the inner wall of my cunt. My muscles tighten and pleasure spikes to my toes. Lights flash behind my eyelids. I

will come again and soon. More wetness squirts from me, and with each press into my cunt, I can hear his vigor.

The woman lies down behind me. Her petite curves and strong muscular legs grind against my back. Small breasts press to my shoulder blade and then vanish. Fingernails press to my knee and then rake up the top of my thigh. The trail burns as if branded. The sensation is electric. The hairs on my arms stand on end, and I moan deep.

Your fingers trail over my cheek, calling my attention back to you.

She parts her leg over my hip and then pushes down the plug in my bottom moves and the woman groans behind me. She pulls her hips up and then down again. The dildo has to be the kind that is double ended. As she rides the cock at my back the one lodged deep within me rocks sways and trembles with her. The man at my front has not stopped his fucking and you...you keep your fist tightly on my hair. Reminding me you are in control.

The woman's fingers undo the straps of the plug fitted securely inside me. A slight tug pulls the dildo but does not dislodge it. She moves and shifts and rubs against me all the while the dildo inside me moves the same. A remarkable and erotic friction I have never known. Oh,my!

She pulls her hips back and the dildo pulls out of me. She has strapped herself to the harness. She will fuck me. My breath comes quick and I swallow hard. Heat busts to my face. With alternating thrusts from the man in the front she slowly moves within me. Pleasure so strong rushes up my body. My nipples harden painfully. I jerk, my body arching first forward, and then back.

You lean down. Your tongue traces my lips. "So good, sweet. You are so good for me. Now kiss me. And come."

My body knowing those words shatters. My cunt erupts, and I squirt liquid in a gush on the man fucking me. I cry out and whimper as my muscles continue to contract on the hard cocks slipping in and out of me.

Your lips come down in a harsh kiss. Your teeth nip my lower lip and then trace the pucker with your tongue. I press up hungrily wanting you...wanting you to take me, to fuck me into oblivion. I love you so much, and this, this play is a part of who we are.

The man's body jerks, and he hisses as his cock throbs deep inside me. The woman abruptly stops and slowly pulls out of me. You continue to kiss me softly, tenderly. The bed depresses and then lightens. There is a rustling of fabric. A door opens and then clicks. You lie down beside me, and your fingers tug the blindfold up and off my head. I blink.

Your intense blue eyes stare into mine and you smile. "I love you, sweet, and vow to make all your fantasies come true. Even those that are a bit odd." You wink at me.

"Mine? Odd?" I grin up at you, "You are one dirty old man."

"Indeed I am. You love me for it." Your hand tugs into my hair again.

"Yes." My hands reach up and slide into your thick black hair. "Yes, I do."

You part my legs and slip your hard cock inside my cunt. I groan. We fit together so very well in all ways, and this night has truly just begun. Happiness glitters in your eyes and slowly your lips press to mine and pull back.

"We are not simply lovers, sweet. We are partners and friends."

I kiss you back, knowing we will prove this to each other over and over for the rest of our lives.

The End